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George W. Elwell,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Book and Job Printing
Executed with neatness and despatch.

POETRY.

From the New Mirror.

THE STORY OF THE SHUNAMITE.

Is one of the most touching in Scripture, and as our friends show signs of liking to dwell on these pure sources of poetry—showing therein a strong sympathy with our own feelings, now as well as earlier—we give the picture as it was coloured to our imagination, and transferred to verse.

It was a sultry day of summer time.
The sun poured down upon the ripen'd grain.
With quivering heat, and the suspended leaves
Hung motionless. The cattle on the hills
Laid still, and the divided flock were all
Laying their nostrils to the cooling rovers.
As if the air had failed, and the pulse
Of nature had run down, and ceased to beat.
"Haste thee, my child!" the Syrian mother said,
"Thy father is a thief!"—and from the depths
Of the cool well under the leaning tree,
She drew refreshing water, and with thoughts
Of God's sweet goodness stirring at her heart,
She blessed her beautiful boy, and to his way
Committed him. And he went lightly on
With his soft hands press'd closely to the cool
Stone vessel, and his little naked feet
Lifted with watchful care, and o'er the hills
And thro' the light green hollows, where the lambs
Go for the tender grass, he kept his way—
Wiling its distance with his simple thoughts—
Till, in the wilderness of sheaves, with brows
Throbbing with heat, he sat his burthen down.

Childhood is restless ever, and the boy
Stayed not within the shadow of the tree;
But with a joyous industry went forth
Into the reapers' places, and bound up
His tiny sheaves, and plaited cunningly
The plant with out of the shining straw,
Cheering their labor on till they forgot
The heat and weariness of stooping toil.
In the cedar'd beguiling of his mirth.
Presently he was silent, and his eye
Closed as with a dizzy pain, and with his hand
Press'd hard upon his forehead, and his breast
Heaving with the suppression of a cry,
He uttered a faint murmur, and fell back
Upon the loosened'd sheaf, insensible.

They bore him to his mother, and he lay
Upon her knees till noon; and then he died!
She had watched every breath, and kept her hand
Soft on his forehead, and gazed in upon
The dreamy languor of his listless eye;
And she had laid back all his sunny curls;
And kiss'd his delicate lip, and lifted him
Into her bosom, till her heart grew strong—
His beauty was so unlike death! She leaned
Over him now, that she might catch the low
Sweet music of his breath, that she had learned
"To love when he was slumbering at her side
In his unconscious infancy—" So still!
"Tis a soft sleep! How beautiful he lies,
With his fair forehead, and the rosy veins
Playing so freshly in his sunny cheek!
How could they say that he would die! Oh God!
I could not lose him! I have treasured all
His childhood in my heart, and even now,
As he has slept, my memory has been there,
Counting like treasures all his winning ways—
His unforgetten sweetness—Yet so still!
How like this breathless slumber is to death!
I could believe that in that bosom now
There was no pulse—it beats so languidly!
I cannot see it stir; but his red lip!
Death would not be so very beautiful!
And that half smile—would death have left that there?
And should I not have felt that he would die?
And have I not wept over him!—and prayed
Morning and night for him?—and could he die?
No—God will keep him! He will be my pride
Many long years to come, and this fair hair
Will darken like his father's, and his eye
Be of a deeper blue when he is grown;
And he will be so tall and I shall look
And the fond mother lifted his soft curls,
And smiled, as if 'twere mockery to think
That such fair things could perish—Suddenly
Her hand shrunk from him, and the color fled
From her face, and her supporting knees
Were shook beneath her child! Her hand had touch'd
His forehead, as she dallied with his hair—
And it was cold—like clay! Slow, very slow,
Came the misgiving that her child was dead.
She sat a moment, and her eyes were closed
In a dumb prayer for strength, and then she took
His little hand and press'd it earnestly—
And put her lips to his—and look'd again
Fearfully on him—and then, bending low,
She whisper'd in his ear, "My son!—My son!"
And as the echo died, and not a sound
Broke on the stillness, and he lay there, still,
Motionless on her knee—the truth would come!
And with a sharp, quick cry, as if her heart
Were crush'd, she lifted him and held him close
Into her bosom—with a mother's thought—
As if death had no power to touch him there!

The man of God came forth, and led the child
Unto his mother and went on his way.
And he was there—her beautiful—her own—
Living and smiling on her—with his arms
Folded about her neck, and his warm breath
Breathing upon her lips, and in her ear
The music of his gentle voice once more.

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MISCELLANY.

[From the Ladies' Companion.]

THE MYSTERIOUS HUSBAND; OR, THE PRIVATE ROOM.

By Robert F. Greely, Author of "Regeneration," "The Five
degrees of Crime," "The Foreign Count," Etc.

MADAME GENINCOURT was a widow, and lived in a small, unobtrusive-looking domicile in a narrow street of Paris. Within its walls she spent the most of her time, never venturing abroad, unless of a Sunday, so that the hinges of her door, from long neglect, had grown rusty, and creaked upon the entrance of a visitor with a dull, hollow sound as though in anger against the intruder.

A visitor, however, was a rare thing at Madame Genincourt's. Year in, year out, the same uninterrupted quiet reigned about her premises, and even the rude vendor of pies and tarts—quite a stentor in his way—had learned to control his tongue as he past her door.

By her neighbors, Madame G. was regarded as a being of mystery, and many a vague surmise, and many an unfounded rumor had gone the rounds of the dense little neighborhood to which she belonged, with no one to solve the secret of seclusion—subsiding as silently as they arose, and leaving the minds of the curiously-inclined in greater perplexity than ever.

Some asserted, indeed, that she was the widow of a pensioner, living upon the small income afforded her by Government, and one even went so far, as to say, that she was not the sole tenant of the dwelling she occupied. That, at night, when the eyes of the world were hushed in sleep, and the streets were still and deserted, strange figures had been seen reflected upon the curtains which screened her windows, and more than once, the night air had been disturbed by cries, which could have proceeded from no house but the one in question.

But the time was fast approaching when the mystery was to be solved.
One morning in Spring the door of the house opened, and a coffin, borne on the shoulders of four men, was carried out, followed by a young gentleman, in a suit of deep mourning. The next day a placard was affixed to the door-post, which ran thus:—

"This house, in consequence of the death of Madame Genincourt, late widow, will be let."

Apply upon the premises."

The ink had barely time to dry upon the paper, before the house was besieged by a crowd of people, whom curiosity alone had led within doors. To their astonishment, however, they were received by a young man—the same who had accompanied the coffin—who informed them that the house was already disposed of, and very civilly bowed them into the street.

Again speculation aloft, and with it, the whole swarm of rumors and conjectures.
True, it had been discovered that the person whose secluded habits had led her to pass her whole time within, was a widow.

This merely accounted for her unsocialness, without easing the neighbors' mind with regard to the persons who had shared her solitude—if possible, more secluded than herself.
Leaving these persons to their conjectures awhile, let us revert to the interior of the strange tenement, and learn something of its occupants, and their pursuits.

On the evening of the day on which the body of the deceased had been carried to its last home, two persons were seated before the old fire-place which gave warmth to the chief apartment. They were a young female, and the stranger above mentioned.

After a long pause—during which they had sat, watching the flickering embers, busied in thought—the young man spoke—

"Well, Emile, she is gone—our only friend—and we are alone in the wide world of toil and tumult. You, Emile, are young; you are also beautiful; and to a young girl whose face is her only fortune, there is much danger, Emile."

"I am aware of all that you would say, Francois," was her answer. "I am aware of all; but there is a Heaven, Francois, and in my hour of peril, I will look for protection thence."

But, Emile, you will need some strong arm to defend you while I am far away, for wicked men will stop at naught so that their ends may be accomplished, and tears and prayers may sometimes prove useless."

"What do you mean, Francois?"
"Emile, do you not understand me?—Your sister—I would plead for him."

"You will plead in vain, then; how often have I told you, Francois, that my affections were fixed elsewhere."

"True you have told me that, Emile, but you have not told me in whom they are centered. Give me to know but that, and I will cease, perhaps, to persecute you."

"Perhaps, Francois?"

"Nay, I will."

"But no—I dare not make a confidant of you, Francois; no—not of you."

"And why not of me, Emile? Have I not always treated you kindly?"

"You have, Francois."

"Have I not watched over you as a dear sister should be watched, and in the hour of sickness, smoothed you to rest?"

"You have done all this, Francois, and I have never, since I first laid my eyes upon you, forgotten it. Yet, Francois, there are secrets with which even our dearest friends are sometimes not to be trusted."

"Emile," exclaimed the youth, "I have for

years, debarred myself the society of my fellow-men, for your sake. I have been an anchorite in my seclusion, and my only thought for so doing, Emile, was for your welfare. I am about to be called to scenes of danger; perhaps it may be years ere we shall meet again. Perhaps, Emile, in that interval I may die. And you—what would become of you? With no means of livelihood, with no one friend to enliven the eternal shadow that must fall over your prospect, what can you do?"

"Die, Francois! for when you are dead I shall have lost all desire to live."

"Speak not so sadly, Emile, I do not anticipate this stroke. You will see, before I go, the propriety of the step I have proposed to you will marry."

"A man I have not yet seen!—never!"

"But I have seen him, Emile, and can speak safely of his merits. In a word, he is a friend of long standing, and cannot fail of making you happy."

"Francois, since you force me to a step which it befits not a woman to take, I will tell you why I cannot wed your friend. Though I have not, for many years, Francois, left this house, I have learned unconsciously to myself, to love! I have no hope, Francois, that my love will ever meet with a return."

"There was a singular expression upon the face of Francois, as she said—

"Are you sure, Emile?"

"Alas! too sure."

"One more word, Emile—who is this person?"

"Will you promise me you will not be angry Francois, if I tell you?"

"Angry at you, Emile? that would be beyond my power."

"Well, Francois, I will own that you are the person to whom I have given my heart."

"I, Emile?"

"Yes, Francois, you; did you think that your tenderness for me would meet with no reciprocal feeling in my breast? Until to-day, Francois, I have been accustomed to look upon this feeling as friendship—the love of a sister towards a dear brother. But I have examined my heart, Francois, and, instead of friendship, I find there love."

It would be useless to accompany the young couple further in the dialogue. In order to try her, Francois had written, over an assumed signature, a number of letters, offering to Emile fortune and rank as a return for her hand. As has been seen, above the offer was rejected, and Francois, finding, that in spite of all his schemes, she remained true, drew from Emile a confession of what he had never doubted, her love. The result was, that a day was appointed for their marriage.

It was but a short time after the foregoing conversation took place, that the wonder-smitten neighbors of the deceased Madame Genincourt saw the windows of the mysterious house illuminated, as for a ball. Their wonder was increased, when a crowd of carriages drew up each in its turn to the door, and depositing their burdens, dispersed as mysteriously as they came. But wonder heightened to amazement, when they learned, that the young niece of the late widow—who had contrived to live with her relative, unknown to them—was united to Francois Belcour—a capitaine in the King's garde de crops.

Now was the whole mystery at an end, the rooms of young Madame Belcour were thrown open, her house re-furnished, and friends made hourly. And thus died gossip for the want of breath.

For months, the young couple lived happily together nor seemed to regret the change in their respective circumstances.

There was but one clog to the young wife's happiness; every day, at a certain hour, her husband would retire to a deserted chamber in the upper part of the house where he would remain for hours. Descending at last, with a thoughtful brow, he would draw a chair, and seating himself by his wife's side, appear lost in reverie.

This pained Emile; so, one day, when he had approached her with a brow more than usually thoughtful, she twined her arms affect ionately about his neck, and addressed him thus:—

"Francois, you once said that you loved me."

"And did you doubt me, Emile?" was the reply.

"No, or I had not married you; I believed and still believe that you love me. I have never thought of—"

"To the test, Emile?"

"Aye, why did you frown so, Francois? Is that an indication of your love?"

"Pardon me dearest Emile; say what you please and I will listen."

"I must begin, then, by asking your disclosure of a secret. I have observed ever since our marriage, Francois, that you retire each afternoon, to a room upstairs, and that you always appear thoughtful and dejected when you come out of it. Now prove that you love me, Francois by telling me what it is that vexes you."

"No, to, Emile, I dare not!"

"Dare not? Why, one would think, from the terms you make use of, that your secret, which, if made known must cost me my life and your reputation."

And as he concluded, Belcour took his hat, and glided from the apartment.

It has been said—(and with some degree of truth too)—that curiosity is a passion innate in the breast of every woman. At any rate, it was in that of Madame Belcour. Therefore, nothing daunted by the strange demeanor of her husband, and beginning to suspect that something

foul was brewing, she sat about discovering the secret.

Her husband having gone out one day, as he said, for a stroll upon the Boulevards, Emile assumed her cloak and bonnet, and hurried over the way to consult with her friend and adviser, Madame Bruger.

It may be said, by way of introduction, that this lady was a spinster—a perfect Mrs. Montague, in her way; it will be seen, therefore, that Emile could not have hit upon a better person for her confidante.

"My dear Madame Bruger," exclaimed Emile, as, out of breath, she rushed into the apartment where sat the object of her visit, "I have to ask your pardon for so unceremonious an intrusion, but the importance of my errand—"

"Make no apologies my young friend," said Madame Bruger, partly guessing her business.

"Make no apologies, but sit down, and tell me how I can serve you."

Emile then detailed to the old maid, the incident of her husband's daily seclusion in the private room, of his conduct when out of it, etc.

And you wish to know the reason of all this?" asked Madame Bruger.

"This afternoon the mystery shall be solved, your husband gives out that he is a soldier, does he not?"

"He does," replied Emile.

"And you believed him?"

"Certainly."

"Silly girl—your husband is no more a soldier, Emile, than you or I. If he is why does he not wear a uniform?"

"I never thought of that," said Emile.

"And, besides, would a captain in the king's body guard be always at leisure as he is? Another mysterious circumstance—I have noticed, myself, that he never goes abroad until a certain hour in the morning, and it is full two hours before he returns."

"But that is the hour he chooses for his morning's walk upon the Boulevards."

"Boulevards, nonsense! I am frequently upon the Boulevards, and I never meet him there. Trust me, Emile, there's more in all this than meets the eye."

And so did poor Emile sincerely believe, for the conjectures of Madame Bruger had so confused her brain, that she was now more in the dark than ever.

"But how am I to expose him?" asked Emile.

"I will tell you, Emile, remain with me, until, from this window, you can see your husband enter. Then we will cautiously follow him, and when he is off his guard, surprise him."

This seemed to Emile a capital suggestion, and she straightway determined to act upon it. It was not long before she saw her husband approaching. He appeared much disturbed, and looking around cautiously before entering his dwelling.

The moment the door had closed upon him, Madame Bruger seized Emile by the hand, and they were soon before the strange apartment.

Emile turned pale with fear, as she heard the voice of her husband, exclaiming in a smothered tone,

"Let not light see my black and dark desires!"

"Great heaven!" thought Emile, what terrible deed can he be on the point of perpetrating?—But I will prevent him."

She approached the door—lucky moment! It ajar. She looked through the crevice; by the dim afternoon's light, she could just descry the form of her husband. He was in the performance of cabalistic motions, treading about the floor cautiously the while, and in his hand he held an unheated poignard!

Emile could withhold no longer—horrid thoughts of murder and the scaffold rushed through her whirling brain—she rushed into the room, and—

Behold! Francois Belcour, in the robes of Macbeth, and in an attitude which Talma might have envied, reciting unconscious of his wife's proximity, the dagger scene.

Belcour dropped his poignard and started back in an attitude of unfeigned astonishment. Emile comprehended the whole, and making use of a sentence she remembered reading from the same play, she exclaimed—

"How now, my lord, why do you keep aloof. Of sunniest fancies your companions making?"

Belcour was, in truth, not a soldier, but an actor. Fearful that Emile, were she aware of his profession would never consent to become his wife, he cocooned his real avocation, under the assumed one of an officer, and thus he hoped to escape the censure of his neighbors. The private room was but an apartment, to which, as evening drew near, he resorted for purposes of practice and study. For the sake of his wife he had determined (having amassed a considerable sum by his exertions), to abandon the stage, and was that very hour rehearsing the part of Macbeth for his last appearance. This explanation contented his wife, and for many years there was no known in the neighborhood of Notre Dame a happier couple than Francois Belcour and his wife.

SOURCE OF FALSEHOOD. It is more from carelessness about truth, than from intentional lying, that there is so much falsehood in the world.

An army of principle will penetrate where an army of soldiers cannot. Principle would succeed where management would fail.

Constant occupation prevents temptation, and begets contentment; and contentment is the true philosopher's stone.

[From the Manchester Memorial.]

THE DEVIL'S DEN, IN CHESTER.

Messrs. Editors: You have probably heard of the cavern in Chester, bearing the above name, as it has been several times alluded to in works appertaining to the history of New England. And if you have never visited the cave, and have imbibed impressions relative to its size and appearance, from the descriptions heretofore published, be assured they are most erroneous. I believe that there are very few persons who have visited the Devil's Den who can give any description of it further than the appearance of its mouth. A few days ago, in company with some friends, I visited the den on purpose to see what it contained. I will give as correct an account of it as my feeble powers of description will allow me to do. The scenery about the mouth of the cave is delightful at this season of the year. The waters of the broad Massechick wash the pebbles at the foot of the hill just below the cavern. Looking over this beautiful sheet of water, you may see a pleasant gradation of distances, terminated by the pale blue of the Uncanny's Mountains in Goffstown. Turning about, a beautiful contrast is presented in the abruptness of the wood-covered hill, whose head, so suddenly upraised, seems conscious of the superiority of its location. The entrance to the cave is about one-third the way up the hill, and presents the appearance of an arched gateway, and is about five feet in height. The Messenger* not flying out on our approach, we banished our pitpatings, happy to learn His Majesty was not at home. While striking a light one of my companions (who was bending over me, gazing into the dark gloom of the cave), expressed his conviction that he could clearly distinguish the odor of brimstone. Now this, to the rest of the company, did not appear very surprising, for they were observing that a friction match which I held in my hand, was burning within a foot of, and immediately under his olfactory receiver. This caused an explosion of merriment which made the old hill ring again, and set us in cheerful trim to begin our search for wonders. A portion of the ledge extends upwards into the mouth of the cave about three and a half feet, leaving a foot and a half of space through which I crept, followed by one of my companions. After proceeding about four feet we found a fissure twenty inches wide in which we stood erect, leaving three or four feet of space above us. The fissure runs about parallel with a line drawn across the mouth of the cave. It extends eight or ten feet in length, and is very craggy and irregular. At the left side it turns, making a right angle. We followed this about seventeen feet, when it narrowed so suddenly that it was with some difficulty that we could get through it. The sides rent, (for such many a mark within proved it to be,) are covered with a thick, dirty slime, a fact which together with the difficulty of access, induces me to believe, what I before stated, that very few of the visitors at this place go away wiser for their pains.

The passage ascends regularly with an occasional break, from the mouth to its termination. We had proceeded upwards of seventy feet into the hill, when, as I was holding the light before me, groping slowly along, I was suddenly startled by the appearance of two balls of fire, 3 or 4 inches apart, and about six feet from me. The air was very damp and caused the light to burn dimly, so that I could see nothing clearly two feet from me. I held the light back and gazed steadily a few moments, when the form of a head began to grow visible. It appeared like the head of a large animal crouched upon the fore paws, ready for a spring. I am not naturally easily alarmed, nor do I boast of possessing courage sufficient to feel perfectly easy in the den of a wild beast, and almost within its very grasp. From the examination I had taken of the object, I felt convinced it was an animal, and most probably one that would prove a hard match to contend with alone in that narrow passage, for it was only wide enough for one at a time, and my companion could therefore be of no service to me. He observed my waiting, and asked why I did not proceed; not wishing to alarm him I answered that we were at the end of the cave, and no passage large enough to admit us, to be discovered. I handed him the light to lead the way out, drew out and opened my knife, which was a small one, expecting momentarily to have to use it. We were, however, fortunate enough to escape an attack. As soon as we got out, I related my adventure to the company, which consisted of several gentlemen, the most of whom chose not to examine in person this abode of Satan. Some of them seemed to entertain a suspicion that I was hoaxing them. This, added to the curiosity I felt to ascertain what sort of a creature kept castle during the absence of the "old enemy," induced me to arm myself and attempt to fetch him out.

There being no house near, from which to get arms, I borrowed a large knife of one of the company, and was soon back again in my old position. I discovered eyes in the place where I had seen them. I gave my friend the light, directing him to hold it above me so as to attract and keep the attention of the beast. I then advanced firmly, determined to have the first encounter with the *Genius of the Devil's Den*. Reader, can you imagine yourself in a dark, narrow cave, 70 or 80 feet from the light of day, seriously contemplating an attack upon a wild beast, a wolf, or perchance, the *Grim Devil*, with a jack-knife. I moved on; fixed my eyes intently upon him,

*There was once an old lady who lived not far from the cave, who told such travellers as inquired its location, &c., that upon approaching it a bird would fly out if the Devil was at home. A Pewee had built a nest just within the mouth, and every so many nights, no doubt, was scared away by not going at the right season.

and—Ha—Ha—Ha—Ho. And back it came, echoed ten times louder than I had laughed it. You would have laughed too, reader, no doubt, to have caught yourself throting a fragment of yellow quartz with a pair of isinglass eyes. My companion had started back, and nearly lost the light in his fright. I believe that we were both glad enough that our quixotic adventure had ended in moonshine, or candle light, which is next to it; either would be preferable to a bloody fight and left in the dark. We examined the object again closely, and it was not surprising that we had been deceived by it. It was a detached piece of common quartz, yellowed by the loam which had been washed over it, containing bits of isinglass, two of which, by the reflection of the light, made a tolerable pair of eyes.

After having indulged ourselves in a hearty laugh over our disappointment, we commenced measuring the length of the cave, which from the remotest part (into which we could crowd ourselves) to the mouth was twenty-two feet. There is no place within it where a person can stand upright and not be within six inches of the ledge upon the sides. So much for the marvellous stories about the square rooms. It is nothing else than a seam in the ledge which has been separated by some convulsion of nature; how, we may not know. It is not improbable that it may have been caused by an explosion of combustible matter, for unquestionably the earth in the cave is highly impregnated with saltpetre, and there is a sort of stone about the hill, which, when placed upon the fire, will burn blue for some minutes with the sulphur it contains. By climbing up about ten feet over the ledge, we found rather a curious passage which I will describe. It commences twenty-seven feet from the end of the cave and extends about that distance by a steep ascent towards the top of the hill, which it must have very nearly reached. I saw evidence of this, by the small twigs of pine, and leaves, which had rattled down between the crevices above, and by the freshness and draught of the air.

The beauty of the scenery in the vicinity, attested amply for the disappointment I felt about the wonderful cave, as it has doubtless done for many others.

MILITARY CONVENTION.

Officers and Soldiers of the Sixth Division of Militia, with all others friendly to a well organized Militia, are requested to meet at Buckfield Village on the twentieth day of December next at ten o'clock in the forenoon to take such measures as they shall deem proper in regard to the Militia.

Commissioned Officers are requested to wear a badge of office.

J. J. PERRY,
PHILIP BRADFORD,
ALEX. RYERSON,
LEE STRICKLAND,
JAMES HERSEY,
WILLIAM TRIPP,
ORVILLE KNIGHT,
TIMOTHY LUDDEN.

OXFORD DEMOCRAT.

PARIS, NOVEMBER 23, 1843.

"The great popular party is already rallied almost en masse around the banner which is leading the party to its final triumph. The few that still lag will soon be rallied under its simple folds. On that banner is inscribed: FREE TRADE; LOW TARIFFS; NO LEGITIMATE SEPARATION FROM FRANCE; ECONOMY; PROGRESS; AND STRICT ADHERENCE TO THE CONSTITUTION. Victory in such a cause will be great and glorious; and if the principles be faithfully and finally adhered to, after it is achieved, much will be added to the honor of those by whom it will have been won, and long will it preponderate the liberty and prosperity of the country."—*Calhoun.*

FOR PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

JOHN C. CALHOUN,

Subject to the decision of a National Convention.

PROSPECTUS OF THE CONGRESSIONAL GLOBE AND APPENDIX.—The Editors and publishers of the Globe propose to publish, during the coming session of Congress, the Congressional Globe and Appendix, which are to contain all the proceedings of Congress and the speeches of members. Price—\$1.00 for the Congressional Globe and \$1.00 for the Appendix. They are each folded in quarto form, printed on good paper and fine type.

The proceedings of Congress, are desirable, through all its sessions; and the manner in which they are presented by the Globe has generally been most acceptable to the public;—unusual interest being attached to the present session, they are the more desirable.

There are several reasons why the present session will be one of unusual interest. The President is independent and acts without the assistance or countenance of either of the two great political parties. The predominating influence in the Senate is held by one party, and that of the House by another; therefore it cannot be expected that there will be that harmony of action which might occur under other circumstances. The matters to be discussed likewise possess unusual interest, novelty, and importance. Among these are the annexation of Texas—the Tariff—a Fiscal Agent, of some kind, which will take from the control of the officers of Government the public money, and collect, keep, and disburse it, according to some prescribed, legal, and responsible method;—and finally, there will be much discussion which will bear more or less of the Presidential election. These things are severally of great importance; but collectively, they form a vast aggregate of material, and involve in their discussion and decision, questions of infinite magnitude, requiring much of the time and all the wisdom of those in authority. The people should be well informed on these matters, and to be for the contest of '44, which is near at hand.

RESULT IN THE FOURTH CONG. DISTRICT.

We publish, to-day, a complete list of votes for Rep. to Congress from all the towns and plantations in the District with the exception of Franklin Plantation. We make Morse's majority over all 71 votes. The Bath Telegraph, (whig) in the same towns, gives Morse 26 more. We have prepared our list with great care and believe the official count will vary it but trifling. We are reluctantly compelled to admit that Morse is elected by a small majority. This triumph of Federalism is the more humiliating, occurring as it has in a District that can give in any fair test of strength more than one thousand Democratic majority.

	November.			September.		
	Andrews	Morse	Scant'g	Andrews	Morse	Scant'g
Allyn	12	91	6	39	92	29
Andover	45	58	19	64	92	4
N. Surplus	5	2	1	11	1	
Arrowsic	15	13	1	31	9	10
Bath	167	444	16	173	419	25
Boothbay	31	60	8	86	66	14
Bowdoinham	33	107	16	77	107	54
Bowdoin	40	78	3	102	117	12
Bristol	106	106	1	232	151	6
Buckfield	84	44	49	95	55	91
Byron	148	9	6	41	10	
Bremen	10	maj.		49	40	6
Canton	73	39	9	109	30	16
Cushing	34	1		79	6	
Dixfield	122	40	20	140	42	11
Dresden	83	38	4	75	90	
Edgcomb	48	56	4	96	72	11
Franklin P'n						12
Friendship	16	1		56	3	
Georgetown	30	6	20	93	6	24
Greene	56	63	16	76	53	4
Hanover	22	18		20	18	
Hartford	66	42	58	89	40	81
Hamlin's Grant	6	2	2	5	2	
Jefferson	23	99		23	99	
Letter A	15	3		15	4	
Letter B	22	1		25	1	
Lewiston	48	100	24	92	102	48
Lisbon	38	81	10	73	123	15
Livermore	48	189	17	86	195	79
Mexico	53	12	18	71	11	2
Monhegan	17			14		
Milton P'n	9	10		6	9	
Newcastle	27	71	4	58	135	4
Nobleboro'	58	32	2	180	37	15
No. 5, R. 1 & 2	10	5		6	4	1
Phelpsburg	31	74	5	84	76	38
Paris	107	60	94	145	47	168
Peru	53	8	22	107	7	46
Patrickton P'n	22	8		62	8	
Richmond	21	46	10	73	67	17
Rumford	61	85	7	85	103	31
Roxbury	29	2	3	26	2	9
St. George	62	5		100	2	
Summer	35	25	28	94	17	53
Thomaston	163	367	8	369	139	8
Topsham	62	128	6	70	142	24
Turner	110	156	131	126	138	149
Westport	21	11		29	10	7
Townsend	26	20		25	30	
Union	116	128	7	127	189	12
Warren	53	95	8	147	92	11
Waldoboro	83	212		208	193	9
Washington	25	27	9	128	53	6
Whitefield	20	50		155	90	21
Wiscasset	96	126	5	123	165	10
Woolwich	60	89	15	12	95	25
Woodstock	60	2	23	53	2	79
Webster	21	80		33	92	1

2742 3536 723

A Singing School will commence in this place, on Thursday evening next at half-past six o'clock P. M. Females admitted gratis.

From Kendall's Expositor.

"A SYSTEM OF ROBBERY."

The following resolution was adopted at a recent Whig Meeting in the City of New York, viz:

"Resolved, That protection to American industry and labor, in all its varied branches, is one of the most prominent and cherished principles of Whig policy; and that in the returning prosperity of the country we behold the first fruits of the faithful legislation of the Twenty-seventh Congress; and that to give to all the laboring interests of the country—mechanical, agricultural and commercial—a fuller reward, shall be our continued aim, until the great American system is perfected in the election of HENRY CLAY and the establishment of a permanent protective tariff."

We were about to make some remarks on this resolution when our eye caught the following article in the N. Y. Journal of Commerce, a Whig paper. The Journal designates "a permanent Protective Tariff" as "A SYSTEM OF ROBBERY;" yet, it supports the robbers from the chief benefit done—does it not? "Protection or British Industry." While the protectionists of the United States attribute the improving condition of trade and business in this country to the operation of the tariff, the protectionists of England attribute their prosperity to the operation of the Corn Law. In both cases, restriction upon trade are claimed as the cause of its prosperity. American protectionists can readily see that so far from the prosperity of England being occasioned by the Corn Laws, it exists in spite of those laws; and British protectionists are equally clear-sighted in regard to the American Tariff. Separate men's interests from their judgment, and they are in a condition to form correct conclusions. The fact is, that after a long period of depression, resulted from a devalued currency, extravagant speculations, high Tariffs, or any other cause, a reaction is as much a matter of course as the return of the pendulum from one extreme to the other. During

such a period the country becomes bare of goods, both foreign and domestic. Prices are depressed, and there is no encouragement to engage in business of any sort. From this unnatural depression, prices must in due time recover, and business done upon a rising market, if the rise be not the result of speculation, is a safe and profitable business. The vacuum created by the short stocks of goods in the interior must be supplied, and this creates a large demand for goods in the marts of business, and sets the manufacturing in brisk motion. Such is the state of things at present. We own it was longer in coming than we had anticipated. But its coming was inevitable. Now, to attribute this inevitable result to the operation of the Tariff, is very ridiculous, and shows how destitute of real arguments the advocates of that measure are. In that respect they stand on a par with the Corn monopolists of England. In both cases the system is a system of robbery—but the English protectionists have this in their favor, that the whole nation is taxed, is the leading industrial interest of the country, while here the nation is taxed for the benefit of the comparative few. So long have American manufacturers lived upon the public bounty, that they now claim it as a matter of right. So also do the English corn monopolists. It is time for both to be taught to live upon their own earnings, or starve. The public have supported them long enough. We were led to these remarks by reading the subjoined article in "The League," a paper recently established in England as the organ of the Anti Corn-Law interest. It is a publication of sterling worth, and will accomplish much for the promotion of Free Trade principle.

"The days of the English Corn Law are nearly numbered. Before the giant blows of Codden and his coadjutors, the system must fall. It is astonishing with what energy the operations of the League are conducted. During the past year more than nine millions of Anti-corn-law publications have been circulated in various parts of the realm. During the greater part of the year more than 300 persons were employed in printing and making up packages of tracts, while more than 500 men were employed in distributing them from house to house among the voters. To the Parliamentary electors alone, of England and Scotland, there were distributed in this manner, of tracts and stamped publications, five million copies. In addition to this fourteen lecturers were employed during the year. They visited 59 counties, in England, Scotland and Wales, and delivered an aggregate of about 650 Lectures. In 140 cities and towns exclusive of the metropolis, public meetings were held, which were attended by deputations from the Council of the League. Even among the farmers, free trade principles are said to have made important progress. Twenty-five public meetings have been held among them; and strange to say, in all but one of them, resolutions were passed in favor of free trade a total abolition of the Corn Laws. To carry on these extended operations has required an expenditure of £47,814; or more than \$200,000. Yet so liberal have been the contributions of the friends of free trade, that after expending this enormous sum there was on hand, Sept. 9th a balance of £2,476. The meeting of the League held at Covent Garden Theatre, London, Sept. 23th, was a demonstration such as the world has seldom witnessed. Had the Theatre been twice as large, says the organ of the League, it would have overflowed. Not only were pit, boxes, and gallery, crammed to suffocation, but the very lobbies were filled, and hundreds were accommodated on the stage. For the current year the League demanded £100,000; and it will be fourth-coming. In short, the doctrines of free trade, in Tariff and Prejudiced England, have received an impulse which it seems to us cannot long be resisted.

NORTH EASTERN BOUNDARY SURVEY.

The Boston Courier states that the survey has been advanced the past season with much industry and with much success. The boundary has been surveyed and monuments of cast iron erected one mile apart from the Monument at the source of the St. Croix to the outlet of Lake Pohemagook on the St. Francis.

"The termini of the straight line between the outlet of Lake Pohemagook, and the north-west branch of the St. John, have been determined astronomically, in the latitude and longitude, and the greater part of the river St. Francis, has also been accurately surveyed. The astronomical operations were still, however, going on, north of the 47 degrees of latitude, as late as the 5th of November, notwithstanding the country was at that time covered with snow, nearly a foot deep. These operations are conducted, on the part of the United States, by Major Graham, of the United States Corps of Topographical Engineers, assisted by Lieutenant Meade, of the same corps, and on the part of Great Britain, by Captain Robinson and Lieutenant Phipps of the Corps Royal of Engineers. The labors of these gentlemen will probably close for the present season, by the middle of November.

The organization of the joint commissions is as follows, viz:

On the part of the United States.
Hon. Albert Smith, of Maine, Commissioner.
Edward Webster, Esq. of Massachusetts, Secretary.
Jonathan Smith, Esq. of Maine, Commissary.
Major James D. Graham, of the Corps of Topographical Engineers, Principal Astronomer and head of the Scientific Corps, on the part of the United States.
Captain J. E. Johnston, Corps, of Topographical Engineers.
1st Lieutenant Thomas S. Lee, Corps, of Topographical Engineers.
2d Lieutenant George Thom, Corps of Topographical Engineers.
3d Lieutenant George G. Mead, Corps of Topographical Engineers.
1st Lieutenant William H. French, 1 Sergeant, 1 Corporal, and 15 privates, 1st regiment United States artillery, acting as sappers.
F. T. Lally Esq. of Maine, Civil Engineer.

A. W. Longfellow, of Maine, Assistant Civil Engineer.
J. F. Anderson, of Maine, Assistant Civil Engineer.

On the part of Great Britain.
Lieutenant Colonel J. B. Bucknall Esq. of the British Army, Commissioner.
J. Scott, Esq. of England, Secretary and Draftsman.
Huyghue, Esq. St. John, N. B. Commissary.
Charles J. Wolhaupter, Esq. of Frederickton Commissary.

Scientific Corps.
Captain J. D. Broughton, Corps of Royal Engineers.
Captain William R. Robinson, Corps of Royal Engineers.
Lieutenant J. H. Phipps, Corps of Royal Engineers, with eight non-commissioned officers of the Royal Corps of Sappers, as assistants.
J. D. Featherstonhaugh, Esq. of England, Civil Engineer.
Wilkinson, Esq. of Frederickton, Civil Engineer.

MEXICO AND YUCATAN.

We have further accounts from Mexico, which state that all the negotiations with Yucatan had been brought to a close by the abrupt departure of the Commissioners, who had been unable to come to definite terms with the Mexican Government. There is now no doubt that the war between the parties will be speedily recommenced.

The Blood of a Criminal. Mr. Walsh, of the National Intelligencer, says he has been struck with a narrative from Stockholm of an execution, by which it appears that the blood of a decapitated criminal is still believed in Sweden, as well as Denmark and Norway, to be a sovereign remedy for epilepsy, and that the authorities of such a capital as Stockholm tolerated a popular rush for the blood flowing from the scaffold. What would be said in Europe of the American march of mind if the practice were suffered in any of our large cities—supposing that we employed axe or guillotine?

John Neal, Esq. of Portland, delivered a lecture before the Mercantile Library Association of Boston on Wednesday evening, in the course of which he remarked that our lawyers not only made laws, but they interpreted and administered them! They received ten dollars a day to make laws, and fifty a day to explain them! In the Congress of 1840, out of 292 members, there were 255 lawyers! The fault is with the people.

The suit of the government against Adams & Co. for carrying letters out of the mail has just been tried in New York and decided in favor of Adams & Co. This decides that the government have no right to prevent an individual from carrying letters.—[Mail.

A Commercial Fact.—A gentleman who has long been extensively engaged in the glass-ware and crockery business in Portland, states that formerly he uniformly had six pairs of decanters put up in every crate of ware which he brought into the city; but at the present time he does not sell more than one pair of decanters to a hundred crates. Some years since, people began to bring in their decanters to exchange for other articles, till they had accumulated on his hands so that he was obliged to decline exchanging. He wrote to a manufacturer of glass-ware in Massachusetts, stating that he had a quantity of rich cut-glass decanters which he wished to exchange; and stated that if the chance could be effected, he would take the most unsaleable article of glass he had. The manufacturer returned for answer, that the most unsaleable article he had on hand was rich cut-glass decanters.

PROFESSIONS AND TRADES. From Mr. Adams' address to the members of Cincinnati Bar, who tendered him a complimentary dinner during his late visit to that city, we extract the following paragraph:

"It is common to say that the professions of the Law is the most honorable and most dignified, that can be exercised by man. Possibly some of you may think so. It is possible you may have entered upon the profession with that impression. But that impression is not mine. I do believe that the liberties of the country depend more upon the members of the bar, than upon any other profession common to man. Yet I do not consider it, in point of dignity, in point of importance, beyond that of a shoemaker, or the Tailor, or the Housewife, or Mason, or any mechanical profession. I consider it not superior to the healing art, destined to alleviate and remove the physical evils of the human race; far less do I consider it superior to that profession which connects man with the future and with God."

We caution the public to be on their guard against bills of the Blackstone Bank, at Uxbridge, Mass. altered from 3 to \$50. One was passed in this city yesterday, and without doubt, many more will make their appearance within a day or two. Also, \$10's of the Stillwater Canal Bank, at Orono, Me. E. P. Butler, Cashier, and A. G. Brown, President, altered to Newport Exchange Bank, at Newport, R. I. [Boston Atlas, Nov. 16.

A COSTLY TROPHY. We find the following in one of Mr. Weed's letters from England: "The dining hall at Chelsea hospital is hung with trophy colors and standards, from the Duke of Marlborough's victorious battle of Blenheim, to the inglorious butcheries of the British Army in China. Among these emblems of British valor, are the sanguinary evidences that England has been at war with almost all the nations of the earth. There are three standards of American colors displayed in the hall. One was taken at Washington. I could not learn

the history of the other two; but an old veteran, who heard me inquiring, came up and remarked that he heard a pensioner, who was in the fight when one of them was taken, say:—'that stand of colors cost more British blood than any other stand of colors in the hall.'—There is nothing very mortifying in seeing two or three captive American eagles, with 'E Pluribus Unum' in a scroll suspended from their talons, provided there is neither dishonor nor cowardice united with their capture. And, if it were otherwise, I should be indemnified by the reflections that, in the way of trophies, we display ten times the number of British colors, flags, cannons and ships of war—evidences of American valor and prowess."

AN IMPORTANT DISCOVERY. A means of instantly stopping a horse when he runs away has been discovered in France. It is simple. A sudden transition from light to total darkness, is the principle. It is contrived, by means of a spring connected with the reins, to cover the horses' eyes. This was done in an instance when the animals were at the top of their speed, and the result was their instantaneous stoppage; for the light being suddenly excluded, horses no more rush forward, says the discoverer, without seeing their way, than would a man affected with blindness.

THE OREGON EMIGRANTS. The Oregon Colony, when last heard from, the St. Louis Gazette of the 27th ult. says, had taken the Southwest pass to Fort Hall; and were about twelve days travel from that place. They were advancing rapidly, and had suffered no disaster in their progress. They were sanguine of reaching Columbia before winter set in. Of the whole number who composed this expedition, only one had abandoned it.

MR. EVERETT. Weed, of the Albany Evening Journal, a whig, gives the following account of Mr. Everett, our Minister at London, in a letter describing the procession of the Queen from Buckingham Palace, to prorogue Parliament.

"There were but few persons of distinction, other than such as is derived from position in the Queen's household, in the procession; and among the few, I observed our Minister, Hon. Mr. Everett, with his daughter, in a bright yellow coach, with coachmen and outriders in rich livery, and Mr. E. himself, (instead of the plain republican garb with which Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, and John Jay used to appear on such occasions,) in full court dress, with gold and embroidery."

"This is a sweeping catastrophe," as the man said when his wife knocked him down with a broom.

FROM WASHINGTON.

The Washington Correspondent of the New York Journal of Commerce, under date of the 18th inst. says:

"Rumor announces, among other strange things, to-day, that Mr. Calhoun has been or is to be invited to take charge of the State Department, and conduct the important correspondence in relation to Texas and Great Britain."

The Albany Knickerbocker makes the following remarks:

"Two foreign females have lately received over 10,000 for a few concerts in New York—say twenty songs and some fiddling, with Mr. Timm on the piano. If the persons who paid a dollar cash, for a ticket to hear this music, had been applied to for 25 cents to save some poor from the parities of destitution and infamy, how readily would they have cried out times. So goes the world. Millions for pleasure, not a cent for charity."

WEBSTERIAN. Mr Webster was some time since dining with some friends, when the host remarked that a certain wine on the table had with the accumulation of interest, cost him very dear. 'Let us stop the further accumulation of interest as soon as possible,' exclaimed Mr. Webster.

The Boundary. Capt. Talcott, of the corps of Topographical Engineers, states in a recent letter to the Secretary of State, that the extent of the boundary line separating the United States and Territories from the British possessions, and lying between the monument of the St. Croix and the Stony Mountains, is estimated as follows for each adjacent State:

Maine, (line as awarded by the King of Holland.)	460 miles.
New Hampshire	40 "
Vermont	80 "
New York	420 "
Pennsylvania	30 "
Ohio	200 "
Michigan	740 "
Territory west of Lake Superior	1150 "
Total length of the boundary	3130 "

Resurrectionists. We learn from a Buffalo paper that the village of Chamby, Canada, was thrown into great excitement on Wednesday last by the discovery that the body of Sergeant Campbell a much esteemed soldier, had been disinterred by some student of medicine. Says the paper, so little pains had these midnight robbers of human flesh taken to conceal their atrocious act, that on the family of the deceased going early on the morning after the interment to visit the grave, they discovered it untenanted; the coffin and winding sheet thrown aside, & marks of hair and blood on the high wall that the body had been dragged over.

Don't shoot the birds. A correspondent of the Gardner's Chronicle says he never allows a bird to be shot on his premises, and in consequence he is never troubled with caterpillars; in a neighboring parish he says, where there is a club for the destruction of birds, they are over-run with snails and caterpillars.

GREAT GAIN—Kennebec Triumphant! We stop the press to announce that—Mrs. A. L. Truland of Winthrop, gave birth, on Thursday last, to two boys and one girl! Mother and children doing well.

How we need a High Tariff.—The Boston Post states that all the cotton factory stock, and especially those of Lowell, have advanced full 50 per cent within a few months, and are still rising. The price of labor in the mean time has gone down. That is the mode in which a high tariff benefits the poor!

Mr. CLAY.—A writer of Clay's biography says, "He quarreled with Mr. Monroe's administration and joined the Federal party. Then he became the champion of the American system, so called—which is to tax the labor of the many, for the benefit of the few. In 1824 he was a candidate for the Presidency; receiving less than 40 votes, he conspired with John Quincy Adams, made him President and received in return the office of Secretary of State. Just before this 'bargain and sale' there had been angry correspondence between Adams and Clay in which there was a question of veracity at issue between them."

NOT SO VERY OBSOLETE AFTER ALL.—In the speech of Daniel Webster at Andover on Thursday last, he is represented to have said: "I am now as ever, ready to agree that the old Bank of the United States was perfectly constitutional, and that it was decided to be so by solemn decisions of the Courts, and the abundant precedent of the Legislature, and an effort to re-establish it shall have my hearty support; believing it as I do, to be a powerful controller of circulation, and tending to prevent ruinous excesses."

THE RELIGIOUS OF THE WORLD.—A London paper says that the estimate usually adopted of the proportion of Christians to the Jews is, that there are in the world 2,500,000 Jews, and 200,000,000 Christians. The Mahomedans are calculated to reach 140,000,000 and those who follow neither the Jewish, Christian, nor Mahomedan faith, about 650,000,000.

DIED.

In this town, on the 23rd inst. Mr. CHARLES son of JOSEPH STURDIVANT, formerly of this town, aged 22 years.

Mr. S. was confined to his room twelve days, with the Typhus fever, and suffered much, tho, not sensible of his suffering at all times.

What a blessed thought, and a doctrine, is the gospel of Christ.

"To live is Christ, to die is gain." When man dies, he goeth to his long home. Yes, "to die is to go home."

We are all on our journey, and may we so live as to go in peace. "To all who mourn, I would say, 'weep not.' He shall rise again, he liveth, tho, dead to the world. His spirit has gone to the good Being who gave it, and he will give it a body as it hath pleased him. We all shall meet again."

In this village, on Saturday last at 6 o'clock in the morning, Elliot H. son of Mr. Edward M. and Mary J. Morey, aged 5 months and four days.

GREAT BARGAINS!

FRANCIS BLAKE,

(SUCCESSOR TO G. & F. BLAKE)

HAS just received from New York and Boston, a splendid and desirable stock of new and fashionable FALL and WINTER GOODS, Foreign and Domestic; which he now offers at wholesale or retail to the former patrons of G. & F. Blake, and the public generally, at prices as low as Goods of the same quality, can be purchased in the county, State, or United States. Among which are the following:

BROADCLOTHS, CASSIMERES

SATINETTS, VESTINGS,

All kinds of COTTON and WOOLEN GOODS

Prints, Copperplates,

SILKS, CLOAK CLOTHS,

In great variety.

CARPETINGS, FEATHERS,

Rich and cheap SHAWLS, Linens, Damasks, Ho-

siery, Gloves, Rich Ribbons and Linings.

Paper Hangings, School Books,

of every description.

STATIONERY

of all kinds.

Hats, Caps, & Furs.

CROCKERY, GLASS, & CHINA WARE,

And every kind of Furnishing Goods.

GROCERIES, HARD & HOLLOW WARE

Iron and Steel, Nails, Glass, Limes, Fish,

Salt, Flour, and Grindstones.

DYE STUFFS, PAINTS, MEDI-

CINES, &c.

Please call and examine.

Harrison, Nov. 21.

Apples & Cranberries.

WANTED, 500 bbls. best Winter

Apples, & 50 bushels Cranberries for which

cash and the highest prices will be paid by the

subscriber.

WM. E. GOODNOW.

Norway Village, Nov. 14, 1843.

SCHOOL BOOKS

At Very Low prices, just received and for

sale at the

OXFORD BOOK-STORE,

WM. E. GOODNOW.

Norway Village, Nov. 14, 1843.

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

AT THE

ONE PRICE STORE,

Norway Steep Falls.

THE subscribers would respectfully inform their cus-

tomers and the public in general that they have

just received from Boston, and other sources, the largest

Stock and most Fashionable Assortment of Fall and

Winter Goods ever offered to the inhabitants of this

County. Among which are

BLACK, BLUE, BROWN, INVISIBLE GREEN,

and STEEL MIX'D

BROADCLOTHS.

CASSIMERES—SATINETTS—

200 pieces Prints—20 pieces black, blue black, and

changeable ALPHEGAS, Orleans and Indiana Cloths,

Aleppines, Fig'd Lunettes, Gingham, M. D. Laines,

Silk and Cotton Hdkfs.—Shawls 10,000 yards

Needings and Shillings 500 lbs. Cotton Yarn,

Butting, C. Wadding, &c. &c., together with a large

assortment of

CROCKERY, GLASS, HARD WARE,

and CUTLERY.

Two Tons Boston Iron Co. Nails—Paints, Oils and Dye

Stuffs, Linoleum, and other articles of the

London and New York. 800 sides Sole and Upper Leather.

25 Fairbank's Improved Patent Diving Flue

COOKING STOVES,

at from \$15 to \$18 each.

BOX STOVES at from \$4 to \$7.50 each.

BUFFALO ROBES—FUR CAPS and COLLARS.

—ALSO—

We have on hand 40 Hhd's prime MOLASSES,

(which we sell by the Hhd or at retail)

1000 Bushels SALT, &c. &c.

It is our intention to open extensive business, and we

are confident that the facilities we have for procuring

Goods (buying as we do in large quantities for cash),

will enable us to offer sufficient inducement for people

to patronize us and save the expense of a journey to

Portland to purchase their Goods.

---WANTED---

In exchange for Goods or Cash—

50 tons CLOVER SEED—50 tons PORK—10 tons

DRIED APPLE—500 bushels WHITE BEANS

2000 WOOL SKINS—SHIPPING FURS

of all kinds—Hides—Shingles—Clapboards

Wheat, Corn, Rye, Oats,

and

All kinds of Produce usually taken at Country Stores.

A. C. DENISON, & Co.

Norway, Nov. 5, 1843.

Guardian's Sale.

WILL be sold at public Auction, at the Inn of

Anthony Bennett in Norway in the County of

Oxford, on Saturday the thirtieth day of December

next, at one o'clock, P. M. all the right, title and in-

terest, which Joseph Richardson, late of Sumner, in

said county, non-commissioned, has in and to one

undivided half of lot of land numbered fourteen in the

Seventh Range in that part of said Norway called the

Waterford three tier—the interest aforesaid is by

way of mortgage deed from Mark S. Grover to said

Richardson to secure the payment of said Grover's

note to said Richardson for \$150, given Nov. 20,

1839—Also said Richardson's interest in and to lot

No. 14, 2d Range in that part of Greenwood in said

county, called the Phillips Academy half township,

mortgaged Dec. 12th 1836 to said Joseph by Andrew

Richardson to secure payment of said Andrew's note

to said Joseph of that date for \$150. In each case,

the said Joseph's interest in the land, note, and mor-

gage deed will be sold together and a title will be

given thereto.

JEREMIAH HOWE, Guardian.

Sumner, Nov. 24th 1843.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the

county of Oxford, on the 3d Tuesday of October, in the year

of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-three.

ON the Petition of the Widow of Cyrus Ingalls, late of

Denmark in said County, deceased, praying for an allow-

ance out of the personal estate of said deceased.

It was Ordered, That the said Widow give notice to all

persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be

published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat,

printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to

be held at Paris, in said county, on the last Tuesday of No-

vember next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show

cause if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the

county of Oxford, on the 17th day of October, in the year of

our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-three.

ON the Petition of the Widow of Cyrus Ingalls, late of

Denmark in said County, deceased, praying for an allow-

ance out of the personal estate of said deceased.

It was Ordered, That the said Widow give notice to all

persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be

published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat,

printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to

be held at Paris, in said county, on the last Tuesday of No-

vember next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show

cause if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the

county of Oxford, on the 24 Tuesday of October, in the year

of our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-three.

ON the Petition of the Guardian of Leonard, Solomon P.

and Moses Town, minor heirs of Samuel Town, late of Albu-

ny in said county, deceased, praying for License to sell their

interest in the real estate of their late Father, for the purpose of

putting out and securing the proceeds thereof to them on inter-

est.

It was Ordered, That the said Guardian give notice to all

persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be

published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat,

printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to

be held at Paris, on the last Tuesday of November next,

at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any

they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate, held at Fryeburg, within and for the

county of Oxford, on the first day of August in the year of

our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-three.

Theodore Emery, having presented a petition praying

that no allowance may be made to Melissa and John Stor-

minor children of Jeddiah Storier late of Paris in said county

deceased, out of the personal estate of said deceased—

It was Ordered, That the said Widow give notice to all

persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be

published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat,

printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to

be held at Fryeburg aforesaid, on the third Tuesday of Janu-

ary next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause,

if any they have, why the same should not be granted.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Rumford, within and for the

county of Oxford, on the 18th day of Sept. in the year of our

Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-three.

Sarah J. Bartlett, Administratrix of the estate of

Samuel Bartlett late of Rumford, deceased, having presented

her fourth account of her administration of the estate of said

deceased.

It was Ordered, That the said Administratrix give notice to all

persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be

published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat,

printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to

be held at Rumford aforesaid, on Monday preceding the 3d

Tuesday of Sept. next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and

show cause if any they have, why the same should not be al-

lowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the

county of Oxford, on the 3d Tuesday of October in the year of

our Lord eighteen hundred and forty-three.

John J. Holman, Administrator of the estate of Bar-

tholomew, late of Dixfield in said county, deceased, having

presented his second account of his administration of the

estate of said deceased.

It was Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all

persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be

published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat,

printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to

be held at Paris, in said county, on the first Tuesday of Janu-

ary next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause

if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Fryeburg, within and for the

county of Oxford, on the first day of August in the year of our

Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-three.

Lydia Miller, widow of Solomon H. Miliken, late of

Denmark in said county, deceased, having presented the re-

turn of the Commissioners appointed to assign her dower in the

real estate of said deceased.

It was Ordered, That the said Widow give notice to all

persons interested, by causing a copy of this order to be

published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat,

printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to

be held at Fryeburg aforesaid, on the 3d Tuesday of January

next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if

any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the

county of Oxford, on the 3d Tuesday of October, in the year of

our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-three.

John Kelsey, Adm'r of the estate of William Kelsey late of

Livermore in said county, deceased, having presented his

account of his administration of the estate of said deceased,

and also his private account against said deceased.

It was Ordered, That the said Administrator give notice to all

persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be

published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat,

printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to

be held at Paris, in said county, on the first Tuesday of Novem-

ber next, at ten of the clock in the forenoon, and show cause

if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

Copy—Attest: GEO. F. EMERY, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris, within and for the

county of Oxford, on the 3d Tuesday of October, in the year

of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and forty-three.

ON the Petition of the Widow of Cyrus Ingalls, late of

